

OUR DUMB

# Animals

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# Animals

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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

### IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typed, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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# Mary Mitchell

AMERICAN women have always been sympathetic toward the lot of the unfortunate, and the humane movement has been most fortunate in having in its midst many illustrious women who took their places alongside of men, and soon occupied important places in humane work.

Sydney H. Coleman in his book "Humane Society Leaders in America," states: "It is safe to say that were the support of the women of America suddenly withdrawn, the large majority of Societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals would cease to exist." That statement is as true today, as when it was written in 1924.

Miss Mary Mitchell of St. Louis, Missouri, recently passed away. She belonged to that group of pioneer women like Caroline Earle White, Anna Harris Smith and many, many others who, through trials and tribulations, carried on the fight for kindness, justice and mercy for all living creatures.

Mary Mitchell was prominently identified with humane work in Missouri, and in the nation, for more than fifty years. She gave generously of herself and of her funds, and possessed the courage of her convictions. For many years she carried the whole burden of humane work in her native state. There is not sufficient space in this magazine to list all of her kind acts and deeds. She was a true humanitarian who will be sorely missed by all who knew and loved her, but her great work will be continued through the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund, which she provided for in her will. May her shining example of kindness serve as a beacon for all who labor in behalf of animals.

E. H. H.

*Reprinted by request*



*The above picture of our smiling National Field Secretary is typical. The photographer caught him in a familiar pose and setting. It seems that Mr. Mooney just can't resist getting acquainted with any animal he sees.*

## Work of Our Field Secretary

ONE of the most important positions held in our Society is that of National Field Secretary, a position which has been capably filled for many years by Mr. Joseph P. Mooney. Mr. Mooney's genial and warm personality has made friends far and wide for our Society and his profound knowledge of wills, annuities and financial transactions has been most helpful to these hosts of friends.

Recently appointed as National Field Secretary for the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund, Mr. Mooney will be very happy to explain the purposes and aims of this new organization.

Writing about his work, Mr. Mooney says, "For more than fifteen years it has been my privilege to call personally on the members and friends of our Societies, and I would like to thank each and every one who has graciously received me and shown such splendid interest in

the work and in the financial problems of the Societies.

"Now, more than ever before, our organizations need an ever-increasing membership in order to obtain the necessary revenue to operate efficiently. With all the many other charities seeking funds, we are fully aware how difficult it must be for our members to comply with all the requests they receive.

"When I call again upon our members I shall have much to tell them about our ever-expanding activities in behalf of animals. In these days of confusion and uncertainty it is vital that we have worthy objectives and that we press forward to their achievement.

"I am always at the service of our members and friends, no matter where located, especially in connection with the preparation of wills and other financial matters."

## Honey-Colored Cocker

*By Ruth Power Barstow*

*A honey-colored cocker  
Came to call on me.  
He snuggled close, raised limpid eye  
In trusting ecstasy.*

*We sat upon the steps until  
He really had to go —  
A bird in flight, an urging scent  
Were tantalizing so.*

*His feathered feet sped swiftly now,  
His nose scarce touched the ground,  
His ears flew out about his head,  
All this without a sound.*

*Then he was back upon the steps  
And quite content to stay.  
He raised his head, his eyes held mine  
In purest cocker way.*

*My hand was light upon his back,  
His love was mine "for free."  
Whatever could be nicer than  
To have him call on me?*

## My Cat

*By Nona Keen Duffy*

*Anna Marie  
Has a pink, whiskered nose,  
Mischievous eyes,  
And plush-covered toes;*

*Smooth, velvet ears,  
Soft, cushioned paws,  
Long, silky fur,  
Sharp, polished claws.*

*Anna Marie  
Has a beautiful face,  
A plump tail  
That she waves with grace.*

*She plays with a ball,  
She purrs and sings,  
She can ask for her milk  
And say lots of things.*

## Dogs Know

*By Lalia Mitchell Thornton*

*Captain barks at the rag man,  
So what a wretch he must be;  
Dogs are a judge of people,  
But, Captain barks at me.*

*Captain loves the butcher,  
A rascal as one can see;  
But, dogs are a judge of people  
And, Captain dotes on me.*

# Don't Like Cats?

By Austin H. Phelps

IT is hard to know where to start to list all the things an ailurophobe misses. You, who are undoubtedly an ailurophile, can hardly imagine the qualms and queasies that make their spines tingle in the presence of a cat. For an ailurophobe *just can't stand cats*. Many people, some famous ones like Disraeli and Napoleon, fly into a positive frenzy in the presence of a cat.

But we ailurophiles also have famous people on our side. It is said the prophet Mohammed so loved his milk white cat, Muezza, that he habitually held the animal and stroked its back while teaching. As a consequence of this stroking, it is said that the blessing of Mohammed prevents a falling cat from ever landing on the sacred spot of the caress.

For over three thousand years mankind has recognized the value of the cat as a domestic animal. The Egyptians even deified it. Without the cat, rodents would have destroyed the entire storehouses of grain. About 3000 B. C., the Egyptians elevated it to the rank and rights of deity and royalty.

Because of this, we can be very sure of how little the modern cat has changed from its early type. For an archeologist, digging in an Egyptian temple grounds at the turn of the century came upon a small, cloth-wrapped package. With baited breath he opened his find. A mummified cat! As he dug further he found acres of mummified cats. Ninety of these were given to the British Museum where they were forgotten for half a century. Recently rediscovered, examination showed little difference from our modern variety that chants his passion from the alley come moonlight nights.

Ship captains, acknowledging their need for puss to keep disease carrying rats from infecting their crews, helped puss spread all over the world as, like many other sailors, they occasionally jumped ship and inter-married with the local species. Unlike the horse and dog, puss retained her individuality. There are very few different cat breeds compared to the vast differences in dogs.

The ailurophobe of those days would have been lost without the help of puss—possibly could not even have existed.

Today, many types of mouse traps, metal storage bins and frequent purchases that obviate the need for year-round storage would permit an economic life without cats. But, oh! What companionship the ailurophobe would miss.

Cats retain their independence. Nobody ever owns a cat. Puss grants equality to favored people. Not for the juiciest tidbits will she toady. The persistence and determination of a cat is well known to every owner.

Fifty years ago this two-year-old toddler was convinced of this fact when Kitty Blue received four bundles from cat heaven, all of whom he was determined to pet, no matter where she hid them. Kitty Blue put a maternal paw behind her ear and thought things over. Finally she went to an old treadle type melodeon in the parlor, waited until the treadle sank under her weight and carefully deposited each kitten behind the windchest where I couldn't reach them. This done, tail very erect, she sauntered out to purr her friendship. She knew best what her kittens needed, but she must show her young partner they were still friends.

Fifty years of cats have turned up some unique individuals. There was Corky who played hide-and-seek according to all the rules; Baby who could open every latch, catch or lock we could put on cupboard or window screen. All have been individuals and all have granted us equality. The current troupe of Siamese play basket ball with a catnip mouse. Suki will pick it up in a claw and hurl it to Squeaky. If my wife is quietly knitting or rocking in the area of the pass, the cats play her as a natural hazard and climb right over. If someone is walking in the play area, he is hit below the knees by a traveling cat so hard that a stumble is inevitable. Yet the cats take it all in good sport and don't let it interfere with the game. They recognize our right to be there, too.

All these the ailurophobe has missed. But, beyond all else—beyond the companionship, pride of ownership and satisfaction of affection—the greatest thing an ailurophobe misses is the feeling of perfect tranquility and peace that comes when a cat jumps up in your lap and starts to purr.





**PICTURE  
OF THE  
MONTH**

Some animals were forgotten in the battle to survive during the tornado in Worcester, Massachusetts, but it wasn't long before National Guardsmen, like Bill Brennan, remembered. Here Guardsman Brennan is shown carrying a terrified dog from a damaged structure of the Great Brook Valley project. (See page 15 for further tornado news.)

Boston Sunday Advertiser Photo  
By Gene Dixon

**T**HE city is no place for a dog." Since the day, four years ago, when we acquired "Patches," a lovable puppy of wire-haired terrier parentage, this remark has been made frequently to us. Many "cliff-dwellers" are dog-owners, and often the reproach is based on truth. In many suburban and country areas a dog may roam freely and thus obtain sufficient exercise, but New York law requires that every dog be leashed, as does the law in many other large cities.

Some dog owners "take a chance" and allow their dogs to run unchecked in vacant lots. Of course the dog loves this freedom; but he may run across the street and be hurt by a car; he may bite a passerby; he may injure himself on broken glass or tin.

Shortly after Patches' arrival, we found that our haphazard methods of exercising her were insufficient. One day she would get overtired because my teen-aged daughters would each take her for a long walk; the next day, she was nervous and barked continually because my mother or I combined a marketing trip and her walk; the next day might be cold, or rainy, or blazing hot, and each of us would shirk his duty. Then Patches would lose all interest in her food.

Of course she obtains a certain amount of indoor exercise. She plays with a ball or a used paper bag; tosses it in the air, worries it, and when we pretend to take it from her, runs with it in her teeth round and round the room. She loves to play "hide-and-go-seek" with my daughters. She sits where she is told while they hide in a closet; then they call "O.K." and she runs wildly around until she locates them.

However, the indoor play and unplanned excursions to the street did not meet the problem. We held a family conference, threshed the matter out, and have abided by our joint decisions ever since. Patches now has a wonderful appetite, is playful and friendly, yet takes her duties as watchdog seriously. Perhaps our program might help other dog-lovers whose busy city life makes a dog's care a real challenge.

Grandmother takes Patches to the street for ten minutes in the morning; my daughters take turns every afternoon in giving her a short run "around the block"; when I get home from work I eat my supper and then take her for a fast walk. I keep away from traffic-filled streets as much as possible; and by counting the number of streets passed make sure she walks at least a half-mile; in cool weather we often walk a mile or more.

On the weekends, we try to take her to one of the large parks. Usually we go to a deserted spot, and here we let her off the leash. She runs around in delight; tumbles over and over in the long grass, and eats her share of our picnic lunch with gusto. Only one feature of our walks is somewhat embarrassing; when we pass a fish or cosmetic store, the odors apparently intoxicate her. She throws herself on the ground, and rolls over and over, barking, while passersby giggle and I blush with shame.

Because we all cooperate, no one tires of the task, and we have a happy, healthy dog. Virtue is its own reward, for the evening walk, originally undertaken for Patches' benefit, has become a welcome break in my busy day. It is a relief from the tension of city life, and practically guarantees a good night's sleep.

*Wire-haired terriers, like Patches, have a lot of nervous energy and if they live in the city, planned exercise for them is essential. Here, one sits up begging to be taken for a walk.*

# "Patches," New Yorker

**By Lillian Maroney**



# Now

# I'm in That Silly Class

**By Inez Terra**

IT is surprising how a little piece of paper will change a normal happy family into a bunch of nervous worriers. Up until the time of receiving this small size sheet of official looking paper issued by the American Kennel Club, our family group never really enjoyed all the freedom of rushing around like crazy trying to please a silly-looking canine. We didn't even know the veterinarian by his first name.

Please understand this, we always have had a dog around the house. Not any old dog, either, but a nice half and half breed. Fuzzy was one part shepherd and one part collie. Nan acquired him on her six-month-old birthday. (Being our first child, she had an extra birthday. Parents can only afford this with the first child.) Fuzzy lived with us for nine good doggie years.

We were of the opinion that Fuzzy was more beautiful than the famous movie dog, Lassie. During his stay with us, we treated him as a good dog should be treated. He traveled with us, like a regular member of the family. It was a sad Saturday night, the night he failed to check in. I still can't drive over a four-lane highway, without thinking how hazardous such speedways are for dogs.

Next, came a little Boston terrier, Buttons. But the traffic proved too much for him, too. Then and there, we decided, no more dogs until we found a place to have them around for awhile. Dogs and traffic at eighty miles per hour just don't mix.

We found a small farm in the country. The first week we were settled, Nan came home one afternoon with two small puppies under her arms. While she was roaming over the country, she saw a sign, "PUPPIES FOR FREE."

After talking ourselves a little blue in the face, she consented to take back the little female. The male was one of the smartest puppies we had ever seen. He was one part German shepherd and one part collie. His hair was so straight, Nan called him Curly. The German shepherd part made him strictly Nan's dog.

There is one thing about living in the

country, all your family and friends think it is a good place to leave all their surplus animals. As a result of this, the official paper deal transpired. *How things have changed!* Tom (that's my husband) has a brother who likes boxers. So, one day a friend gave him a pedigreed female boxer. She was gigantic in size. There was too much dog for Tom's brother's house. The little Cape Cod couldn't take the twins and the dog, too. *Guess what?*

Out to the farm comes the babe, papers and all. They called her Betsy, a nice enough name, simple but friendly. Now, Betsy is two years old, well-mannered, housebroken, gentle, sweet-tempered, and she is the only dog I've ever seen who won't grab food from the small-fry's hands all the time—but not Betsy.

As I started to say, the fun began. Betsy wouldn't eat, she must have been homesick or something. Now, when Curly is off his feed, do we worry? Of course not, he'll be all right in a few days. Let him alone. Dogs are smart.

Betsy—she is different. We rushed her right to the vet's, bought special dog food, tonics and a lot of stuff she didn't need. We knocked ourselves out trying to get her to eat. Why, I even tried feeding her out of my best China platter—anything, if only she would eat. I thought perhaps the gay colors and designs would bring some response. Eureka, she drank some milk! About this time everybody was a nervous wreck, trying to please Betsy. Curly, naturally, gave us some very disgusted looks.

Finally on about the tenth day of her highness's illness, my mother came for a short visit. Betsy took to Grandma like a duck does to water. Maybe it was because she opened a box of cookies. Betsy was beside herself, trying to smile with one fang showing, and that stump—they call it a tail—is wagging a mile a minute. A hula dancer could improve her style and movement just by watching Betsy wiggle.

Remember, all the things we found out about this dog had to be the hard

way. Her first owner left her without going into any details about her training or habits. If we had been informed about some of the small details, I know it wouldn't have been so much trouble. The longer she stays the more fun she is. And, we couldn't ask for a more gentle dog for our offspring. She is tops on that score. She and Curly get along fine, although, at times, he walks the long way around her to keep peace.

Have you ever read all the ingredients that go into dog food? Up until Betsy, we just grabbed the first can or meal, any good brand name that was in close reach, and Curly was satisfied . . . I think. *What a change!* Now, we study all the charts that are printed on the cans and bags. Betsy musn't be cheated out of one little vitamin. One thing that puzzles me is that Curly looks and acts just as well as Betsy does—and his diet wasn't watched like a hawk.

Another small detail is that formerly all the dogs in the neighborhood were welcome at our house. Do you know what? Now, I find myself shooing away any roving canines that may appear at our door. That silly paper is making a snob out of me.

Betsy hasn't had any puppies, yet. But you can be sure of one thing, she'll have the best stud available. My husband is talking over a deal with an owner of a new German blood-line—Baron something or other. Isn't that ridiculous? She can't even pick her own love life.

By the way, Betsy isn't the fancy name that is printed on the paper. Her real name is so fancy that it is best forgotten. Anyway, it says she is from some Rose Hedge, and I'm allergic to roses.

There are a lot of people in this world, who think dog-lovers are "strictly for the birds." And I was one who thought that people who go slightly nuts over a pedigreed dog need their heads examined. Well, I can't give you a good legitimate reason for our behavior. But I'm willing to bet you this—if you ever do get yourself a purebred dog with papers, you'll fall into that silly category, with the rest of us nuts.



**Our only entertainment was provided by an-**

# Uninvited Summer Guest

**By Carolyn Godsil**

ELMER wasn't exactly invited. In fact, he just came. Some of his habits were rather strange, such as washing his hands and feet before he *left* rather than before he *came*. And he did get impatient for breakfast a few times and showed it by scratching on the window above our bed. You see, Elmer is a chipmunk!

It all started one summer when my husband and I were fire lookouts high on a mountain peak in the state of Washington. A few days after we got settled we noticed many chipmunks scampering around, but one seemed more curious than the rest. It wasn't long before he was hopping up the stairs to eat the bread I placed out on the catwalk. We sat very still and watched his cheeks get bigger and bigger until he finally tore down the steps in several magnificent leaps and away to his winter storeroom. The expression on his face made us decide to name him Elmer. It just seemed to fit, somehow.

And then, one day I heard tiny footsteps under the bed. Down on my hands and knees I peered into the dim light. What I saw made me want to laugh out loud, but I was afraid of frightening our guest. There was Elmer, looking like a fat old Chinaman. His beady little eyes blinked and his long beard of dust wriggled up and down. I went on about my work, keeping one eye toward the bed. After a few mighty sneezes—for a chipmunk—he came out. From that time on I never knew where I'd find Elmer whenever the door was left open.

In a manner not becoming to a guest, he soon let us know that crackers and bread were not for him, after tasting candy and nuts. We laughed the loudest and longest the day I set out a box of hard candy. Elmer almost danced with glee. He began cramming the goodies into his pouch—square pieces, round pieces, long ones, short ones. Pretty soon his face skin was so stretched

it actually made his eyes slant!

Being somewhat of a glutton, he *had* to get that last piece, room or no room. Pushing and pulling with his tiny paws he finally succeeded. The result made us laugh until the tears began to flow. His face was fixed in a long orange grin, not by choice, but because the candy was that shape. Poor Elmer was quite perplexed, but we knew the candy would soon melt and his beauty be restored.

Early in the summer, Elmer made it plainly understood to all the other chipmunks that the lookout was *his* domain. They obediently stayed below.

It wasn't until the next summer that we discovered that Elmer should have been called Elmira! She had a family now of five tiny busy babies. We knew she was the same summer guest as before because of a white mark on her back.

So, the second summer we were once again entertained by the antics of Elmer. (excuse us) Elmira, the chipmunk.

# Our Soldiers Can Take Their Animals Along



*Capt. Gabriel Nossov, chief veterinarian, and Sgt. James DiGuiseppi, dog handler, bring in dogs for overseas shipment.*



*Chow time for the dogs. M/Sgt. Samuel A. Auman, chief veterinarian, animal technician, doing the honors.*



*Cpl. Austin P. Gibbons of Delhi, N. Y., makes out shipping forms on a new arrival who is being processed for shipment to his master in Europe.*



*Capt. Gabriel Nossov giving shot to a dog before being shipped overseas. M/Sgt. Samuel A. Auman is assisting.*

*Sgt. James DiGuiseppi, dog handler, showing that all breeds of dogs are admitted at the Pet Staging Area.*

*All photographs used through the court*

*This cocker waits eagerly for his shipping forms to be made out so he can join his master overseas.*

*Major Val A. Tomayko of Bound Brook, N. J., veterinarian, giving a physical examination to a new arrival.*



*Rex stands guard over his kennel and shipping box as he awaits his turn to start processing.*

*Shack says good-bye as he starts out to join his master in Europe, Capt. S. Baum of Cleveland, Ohio.*



*This large dog in his roomy crate probably wonders what it's all about as he is being loaded for overseas shipment at the New York Port of Embarkation.*



*With the courtesy of the United States Army*

**I**F a soldier in the United States Army is sent to Europe, he can now take his dog or cat along with him—that is, if he so desires—and providing the dog or cat passes inspection as to good health and resistance to disease.

The personnel staging area at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, has a pet staging area where all kinds of dogs are processed for shipment to stations in the European Command. Aristocratic Russian wolfhounds, lumbering Saint Bernards, tiny Mexican chihuahuas, spirited terriers, cocker spaniels, Boston bulls—pedigreed animals and mongrels—all face the same battery of examinations.

Like their masters, the dog voyagers have records which must be checked, physical examinations which must show good health, preventive inoculations to insure against disease, before they may proceed.

The owner is responsible for getting his dog to Camp Kilmer, for providing a cage of ample size in which to make the journey and for furnishing pans for food and water, a collar, leash and muzzle. He must also pay a charge of fifteen dollars for care and feeding of his pet from Camp Kilmer to Bremerhaven.

When the dog "reports in," the Post Veterinary Clinic takes over and arranges the details from there on. Pet shipments leave Camp Kilmer once or twice a month. Handlers are selected from among volunteers in the troop shipment which is scheduled for the same transport. These volunteers, under the supervision of an officer, take care of four or five dogs each—feeding, cleaning and exercising them during the voyage. The handler receives, as extra compensation, half of the fee paid by the owner—the balance of the fee goes for food for the dog. If the owner travels on the same vessel, he normally takes care of his own dog.

Since the Pet Staging Area was established in September, 1951, close to five hundred dogs and a dozen or so cats have been processed for shipment.



*Curious group of burros look toward the cameraman.*

## Wild Burros Protected

**By Grail Fuller**

WHEN the California Department of Fish and Game sent a propaganda piece to the newspapers several months ago, describing somewhat the hunting of wild burros, it brought conservationists and burro lovers of all kinds up in arms. The Game Department claimed wild burros have increased to many thousands and are making water holes and grazing land unfit for livestock and mountain sheep. Careful investigation shows this premise to be without foundation.

The result was two bills, S. B. 190 and A. B. 1405, introduced into the California State Legislature prohibiting the destruction of these animals at any time.

The Senate bill was an emergency measure and passed both houses without too much opposition, due to the quick action of nature lovers. This law will make it a misdemeanor to kill or wound a wild burro at any time. Its penalty is a one thousand dollar fine or one year's imprisonment in the county jail, or both.

Let us look back. The burro was introduced to America by Columbus on his second voyage. Later, it carried packs for Cortez, Balboa and DeSoto. Two thirds of the New World would hardly have been civilized except for this sturdy and patient little worker. He carried huge loads of food, mining machinery and ore over dangerous mountain trails. His sure-footedness, wisdom

and iron digestion brought him through some almost impossible situations.

Following the decline of mining, burros were turned loose to shift for themselves. Able to live and thrive where a sheep or goat would starve, their numbers increased until they were a fairly common sight on the southwest deserts.

About this time, fresh meat was needed for the fox and mink farms, now grown from a hobby to a going business. Burros were sitting ducks for anyone with a truck and a rifle and they were slaughtered by the thousands. Market hunters had a field day.

Before they had been entirely exterminated, California passed laws prohibiting the sale of burro meat. This slowed the massacre for a time, but nothing in the law prohibited the slaughter for mere pleasure and this so-called sport began to increase.

The burro is not a game animal. The so-called wild ones are descendants of domesticated burros and do not possess the instinctive fear of man that is common to truly wild animals. A wild burro in his desert home is curious almost to the point of friendliness. This has helped to bring about his destruction.

Every animal lover is happy to see the new law passed. Whether it is strong enough to stop the slaughter remains to be seen.

## The Champ

**By Beulah M. Brown**

THE most remarkable Boston terrier I ever knew was ours. He was one of the many sons of Miss Peggy, possessor of four white feet and a star on her proud forehead. He resembled her greatly and his name was that of another champion, Jack Dempsey.

There were five of us kids—our father was an ice dealer, and our mother a very harassed woman. She was always having to get meals at odd hours of the day. When we acquired Jack Dempsey that was about the last straw. But she didn't let it break her back. It was she who housebroke our pup, fed him, and kept him out of the street. Worse still, it was she who always had to give him his medicine after we children had given him candy and other forbidden sweets.

The seven-year-old identical twins, Tom and Pete, taught Jack Dempsey all his tricks. They soon had him playing dead, rolling over, speaking, hurdling, retrieving sticks and other things, and finally, jumping into Dad's ice truck to steal chunks of ice. Jack would go nearly wild whenever the vehicle drove up and he'd always exhaust himself chasing ice chunks all over the yard, his mouth and feet sore from biting and pouncing.

Our relatives couldn't tell the twins apart. Jack Dempsey, a mere dog, could. Did I say "mere"? He was amazing!

We realized he could tell which was Tom and which was Pete when we watched him play "hide and seek" with them. While Jack was shut in a closet, Tom would hide in a remote part of the house. Pete would be standing in the corner of the dining room, his face to the wall. When Tom hollered, "Ready!" one of us would let Jack out of the closet so he could seek. We'd say, "Go find Tom!" Away he'd go, ignoring Pete completely, never stopping until he found Tom. Then he'd bark madly, delirious with success.

We also knew he could tell Tom from Pete by just mentioning their names. He never got them confused. He was smarter, more perceptive, than cousins, uncles and aunts. We children thought he was just about the best dog that ever lived. He was our companion, our playmate, our best friend. We probably spoiled him, but who could blame us? I, personally, shall always remember Jack Dempsey and wish that every child could have a dog just like him.

## Animals and Music

By H. E. Zimmerman

**R**ECONIZING the love of horses for music, a wealthy gentleman of the seventh century provided regular concerts for his many remarkable horses. Once a week he employed an orchestra to play to cheer up the animals.

On sheep and cattle both vocal and instrumental music have a beneficial effect. The Arabs declare that the song of the shepherd fattens the sheep more than the richest pasture, and the saying no doubt rests upon the foundation of fact. Oriental shepherds are accustomed to sing and pipe to quicken the action of flocks under their care.

In some countries when cows are sulky — especially in the highlands of Scotland — milkmaids often sing to them to restore them to good humor. In France oxen that work in the fields are regularly sung to as an encouragement to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him with pleasure. Deer are delighted with the sound of music. On one occasion it was observed that when music was played they went forward; when it ceased, they stood still. Conductors of caravans "comfort" the camels by playing to them on instruments.

A curious story is told about the effect of music on a pigeon. When a young lady who was a fine performer on the harp played a certain selection from Handel's opera, "Spera," a pigeon would descend from a nearby loft to the ledge of a window of a room where she sat, and listened apparently with the most pleasing emotions. At the conclusion of the song the pigeon returned to the dove-house. This was the only song of which it took the slightest notice.

In Darwin's "Descent of Man" he refers to a bullfinch that piped a German waltz. "When this bird was taken into a room where other birds were kept, and it began to sing, all the others ranged themselves on the nearest side of their cages and listened with apparent pleasure."

## Pecuniary Scramble

*Our kitten, named "Dollars,"  
Jumped over the fence.  
Mixed up with a skunk;  
Mixed Dollars and scents.*

— D. M. Janke

## Inquisitive Guest

By William R. Reilly

**W**HENEVER I see the picture of a goat, I think of a story my Uncle Jim tells. I giggle and he laughs, too, now, but it must have been one of his most embarrassing moments as a boy.

One day his mother told him she was to entertain guests from the town, not far from my grandfather's farm. The guests arrived, happy to be in the cool hills on such a warm day.

At five o'clock the boy called his two goats, Annie and Kate, to make ready for milking time. It was also time for the ladies to take a last look at the farm activities. They asked many questions and Uncle Jim was very polite. Then he got his shiny little pail and Annie tripped along as she was always milked first, which she knew quite well.

As the milk streamed into the pail, the lad was startled to see two of the garden club ladies watching him. One came closer and said, "Where does the milk come from?" Uncle Jim was sorry for the city lady so he lifted Annie's udder to explain, and a stream of milk suddenly ran down her lovely gown.

After the party Grandma sent the penitent boy to his room, but she had a keen sense of humor and Uncle Jim was soon back in her good graces.

Today, at five o'clock I call my two Saanens just as Uncle Jim used to do and, as you see from the picture, Annie

comes first. Kate will be at the door on time for her turn to be milked.

Another incident concerning our goats came about because each year our town has a big parade on the Fourth of July. There is a class for pets and several prizes are offered which incites us youngsters to action.

My two sisters and I decided to enter Uncle Jim's new baby goat. It was so lively that he hesitated at first, but our pleadings won. Like the three musketeers we sallied forth, taking turns carrying Skippy, the goat. As we passed the judges' stand, up went Skippy's little head and turning towards them, he made a plaintive "Baa-ba-a." Needless to say he took the honors and won first prize.

The next year, only Skippy's mother, Kate, and grown-up Annie were at the farm. Remembering the success of the previous year, we scampered up the hill, led the goats down and without being noticed, escaped with them into the line of march. Now, Annie and Kate had never been away from the farm and were not easily led, but they did seem to know it was a special occasion and kept step with the band, stopping at the right times to rest and starting up again with the martial music. When the awards were made, Kate and Annie received first prize, which was proudly shown to Uncle Jim who had not even missed his goats from the farm.





# President Hansen Busy Executive

In addition to his many duties and responsibilities in connection with our two Societies and our Angell Memorial Hospital, our President, Dr. Eric H. Hansen is in great demand as a speaker.

In June he filled two such engagements. He was the principal speaker at the dedication exercises of the Mary E. Hart Memorial Animal Shelter recently completed by the Connecticut Humane Society. This new building was made possible by funds left the society by the late William S. Hart, of moving picture fame. It was especially fitting that Dr. Hansen be present as it was he whom Mr. Hart consulted when planning this memorial to his sister.

Presiding was Henry S. Robinson, Jr., President of the Society, and following a brief invocation by the Rev. Gibson I. Daniels, Dr. Hansen spoke warmly of his personal friendship with Mr. Hart and of his pleasure at being at the ceremony. Relatives of Mr. Hart present were Mrs. Frances V. Bierck, sister, and Mrs. James R. Cochrane, Jr. and Miss Mary Ellen Hogewoning, both great-nieces of Mr. Hart.

Highlight of the occasion was the playing of a recording of Mr. Hart of an address he made when he donated his home in Los Angeles to the city for use as a public park.

Later in the month, Dr. Hansen journeyed to Philadelphia where he was once again the main speaker at the dedication ceremonies marking the formal opening of the new headquarters of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the third oldest society of its kind in this country. The new building incorporates not only the administrative offices of the Society, modern animal shelter and clinic and an auditorium for educational purposes, the latter still under construction.

The program opened with an invocation by the Rev. William Patterson, followed by the flag raising by Mrs. Edward N. Skipper; singing of the national anthem by the Kiwanis Club quartette; introductions by William T. Phillips, Operative Manager of the Society; welcome by President Rudolph B. Dutt, Jr.; address by Hon. Miles Horst, Pennsylvania Secretary of Agriculture and the principal speech by Dr. Eric H. Hansen, who spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. and its many years of prominence in the humane field. The ceremonies were concluded by a dedication by Rev. William Patterson.

(Left to right) Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Mrs. James R. Cochrane, Jr., Miss Mary Ellen Hogewoning, Mrs. Frances S. Bierck and Henry S. Robinson, Jr.

(Left to right) Hon. Miles Horst, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Rudolph B. Dutt, Jr., Rutherford Phillips, Mrs. Edward N. Skipper.

(Left to right) William T. Phillips explains the lay-out of the new building to Dr. Hansen.



Officer Harry C. Smith rescues a lamb whose leg was broken when hit by a flying timber.

## Tornado-Stricken Animals Rescued

*Following is the story told by our prosecuting officer of Worcester County, Harry C. Smith, of how our Society came to the rescue of animals in the tornado area:*

I started checking the farms in the tornado disaster district about two hours after the storm struck. Proceeding into the Westboro district, I got as far as the Ward farm by chopping and removing tree limbs from the road. There I found the barn flattened, but no trace of cattle. At the Aronson farm, nearby, the barn and houses were leveled and three men killed. In the fields I found a hundred head of cattle, but on examination I discovered that none were harmed. At the Harvey farm, I found five cattle trapped under the barn, but uninjured and a goat with broken legs which I had to destroy.

On the way, I notified Chief Higgins of the police department to contact me if he found any animals in need. From there I went to Shrewsbury, Worcester and Holden and contacted the State Police inquiring about any animal injuries.

Early in the morning I called WTAG, Worcester, and asked them to broadcast at various times, that our Society would aid and assist people with their animals.

At another farm in Petersham, I found the barn demolished, but the cattle in a nearby field were uninjured. At the Stratton farm in Barre, 8 sheep and 10 cows were in good condition, but 50 chickens with broken backs, legs and feathers blown off had to be destroyed.

It was at Barre, through the two-way radio in our cars, directed from Boston, that I was able to team up with Officer Charles Marsh, from our Springfield office. Together we went to Rutland where we inspected 40 cattle at one farm; contacted a dairy in Shrewsbury via our two-way radio, asking them to pick up 500 quarts of milk to avoid spoilage, found, at another place, 13 cattle, two of which were injured, one dead calf and 22 chickens; and sent a veterinarian to treat the injured animals.

In Holden, we found two horses killed and three other horses cut and bruised which we made comfortable. The following day in Shrewsbury, I found a 40-pound lamb so badly hurt that I had to destroy it humanely. A check back on another farm brought to light a hen pinned under a timber and so crippled that I had to put it to sleep and not far away I found a dog with two legs injured. I made arrangements with a veterinarian to treat the animal. In all my travels I found 506 cattle, 4 horses, 1 goat, 1 lamb, 1522 poultry dead and 8 cattle and 3 horses injured.

The accompanying pictures show an injured cow which I am treating, the wreckage of its barn, a calf born six hours after the tornado and a hen which I am rescuing after it had been pinned down by a timber.



# CHILDREN'S



Baby-sitter Barbara Clancy, five years old, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, appears to be taking her work very seriously as she substitutes for Mama Sheep. The lamb belongs to a neighbor and has been bottle-fed almost since birth.

## Cleo of the Goldfish Bowl

*By Iris Gergos (11)*

ON my birthday I received a beautiful goldfish from my sister. Cleo was named after an Egyptian queen who was very beautiful. Often when I am alone, I put her in front of me and we have a friendly little chat. She is a bright, bright gold and has black spots. She is very plump.

Cleo is full of tricks. When my sister and I put her in the bathtub to change her water, we watch her swim around. One day she surprised us with a new trick. She turned around three or four times. Then she looked up as if to say, "Do you like my new trick?"

I said, "I love it, Cleo."

I feed my pet fishfood every day. I know that she would eat more than I give her, but I say, "Sorry, Cleo, that is enough for your own good." In fact, Cleo is already fatter than she should be, so I have put her on a reducing diet.

Someday I hope to get a whole lot more goldfish and raise them, but Cleo will always be my favorite. She has a lot of personality for a fish.

## Down the Laundry Chute

*By Sandra MacLean (11)*

*I know a little mouse  
Who is very small and cute;  
He lives at the bottom  
Of our laundry chute.*

*He has a sweet pink nose  
And little black eyes;  
When he is hungry  
He sits up and cries.*

*Here, little mouse,  
Come get your cheese;  
But before you can have some  
You'll have to say "Please."*

*And lo and behold!  
That small fluffy ball  
Jumps up on my shoulder,  
Long tail and all.*

*He prances about  
On his little fat legs;  
Then lifts up his small  
Grey paws, and begs.*

*Oh, I have to give in,  
For he looks so cute;  
My little grey mouse  
Of the laundry chute.*



*It's a hot August day and cicadas sound their rasping notes in the trees outside, but the shrill sound barely penetrates to this cool porch where Mickie, who always insists on a pillow, takes his siesta. Mickie is the pampered pet of Mrs. Benjamin Fox of Buzzards Bay, Mass.*

# PAGES

## Aunt Polly's Zoo

### Animals with a Wide Vision Range

By Eva C. Pollard

**H**ELLO, boys and girls, I'm your Aunt Polly. I live in a little house with a yard and a garden at the edge of the woods. And you know what? I have a zoo all around me!

My zoo animals are not in cages. They are not captured animals. No, the animals in my zoo live a normal life and they are very happy. If you will listen, I'll tell you about the strange and wonderful animals that live near my house.

It really does seem impossible that any animal could have eyes that not only enable him to see objects ahead and beside him, but also those behind him. However, my cute Cottontail Rabbits can. Their eyes are set on the sides of their heads and permit them to see in almost a complete circle around them. To see what is going on behind them, rabbits don't even have to turn their heads.

My rabbits send code messages to each other by thumping the ground with their hind feet. It is interesting to watch my Cottontails when they are alarmed. One thump seems to mean "Look out," or "Freeze." Fast thumping seems to mean "Danger!" Animals similar in color to trees and bushes in the woodlands are seen only when moving, so these animals freeze (are perfectly still) when enemies are on their trail.

Rabbits know they can depend on the woodpecker's warning cries to let them know when an enemy is near. The woodpecker is honest and always on the job, so when he gives the alarm they believe and trust him.

The next time you hear a woodpecker's cry of warning, look carefully and you may see the little woodland animals hiding from danger.

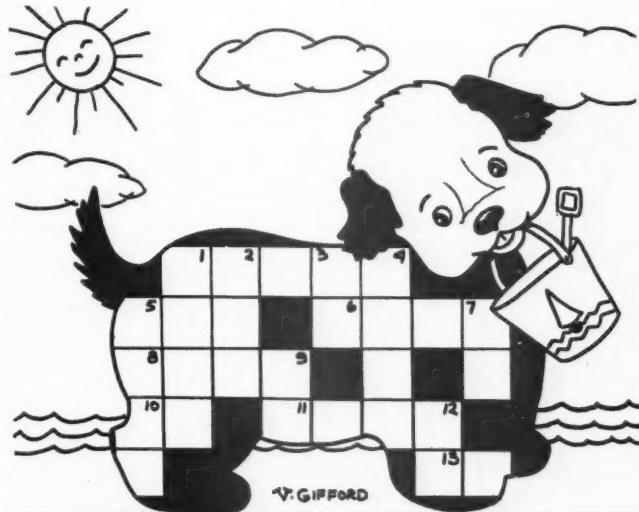
This is the end of my story for today, boys and girls. Next month in **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, I am going to tell you about my "Animal Engineers."

#### MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, **ANIMAL FAIR**, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in **ANIMAL FAIR** this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLE: Across—1. drum, 4. doe, 5. odor, 8. ladder, 9. old, 10. e'en, 12. ye, 14. re, 15. Ky., 16. ad.

Down—1. doll, 2. ready, 3. mode, 6. deer, 7. or, 9. oak, 11. net, 13. ea.



V. GIFFORD

ACROSS



5. ENEMY.



8. TO THE INSIDE OF.  
10. SOUTH EAST - (INT.)  
11. ONE OF TWO EQUAL PARTS  
13. NEAR.

DOWN



2. TO ALLOW.  
3. BELONGING TO ME.



4.  
5.  
7. WORD OF DENIAL.  
9. EXCLAMATION.  
12. NOTE IN SCALE.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

## Milk Face -- the Kitten

By Irwin Shapiro (13)

*My name is Milk Face;  
Why can't that milk stay in its place?  
Each time I go to have a sip  
It gets all over me. Drip, drip.*

*I try to keep from splashing  
But that dish, it's always crashing.  
If I had a wish, it would be  
A non-tipping dish, just for me.*

# Understand Your Dog

By H. Jeanne Tanner

**D**OGS will never answer questions, but were they asked if they would have people as pets, at least one person thinks their answer would be an emphatic "No!"

This person is Mrs. Edith Biever of Washington, D. C., who, for four years, has been operating the Shoreham Pet Shop, a small establishment catering to the apartment dwellers of upper Connecticut Avenue.

Dogs, Mrs. Biever says, are unlike many of their owners because more often than not, they are affectionate, loyal, and sympathetic. Like their owners, they want love, not hate; praise, not blame; confidence, not distrust.

"And they have the human quality of desiring immediate rewards for what they have done well."

Mrs. Biever believes that if pets and owners could be reversed, these intelligent creatures would not expect people to be models of perfect conduct. Neither would they demand that people follow a rigid schedule or act on cue without sufficient training and loving care.

Often inwardly annoyed by the thoughtless questions asked by dog-owners, as well as the impossible things they expect their pets to do, Mrs. Biever states:

"The age group from 28 to 35 seems

to be the most difficult to inform about the care of pets, and often the more educated they appear, the less they seem to understand about pets. They think they already know all the answers."

Yet every day, owners of pet stores are asked reasons as to why a six-weeks' old puppy isn't house-broken; or why a newly-acquired dog won't bring in the morning paper; or why an untrained dog will bark at everybody.

Dogs, Mrs. Biever says, are lonesome for affection. They don't need punishment as much as they need understanding, care, and kind treatment.

Mistreat them and their reactions are those of surliness, sullenness and indifference.

In many instances, dogs are smarter than people, and it is surprising how quickly they learn people's habits, even anticipating their actions in certain situations."

Mrs. Biever suggests to dog-owners, present and future, that they learn all they can about their pets from the former owner. She also advises the purchase of several inexpensive books on the care of dogs.

"Think of these intelligent animals as individuals who respond accordingly to care or neglect, affection or dislike, understanding or ignorance."

## Animals Personified

By Ada B. Turner

BY filling each blank below with the name of an animal, you will have names familiar to us all. Hints are given in parentheses below each incomplete name. When you finish, check your answers with those printed upside down below the list and give yourself ten points for each correct answer. Ready, on your mark, get set, GO!

1. Hamilton .....  
(former Congressman  
from New York state)
2. Richard .....  
(noted explorer)
3. Charles .....  
(famous English essayist)
4. Sir Francis .....  
(English navigator)
5. John .....  
(the Englishman personified)
6. Ichabod .....  
(a Washington Irving character)
7. Christopher .....  
(English architect)
8. Donald .....  
(a Walt Disney character)
9. Pearl .....  
(noted author)
10. Thomas .....  
(inventor of pistol)

Now, how well do you think you did? To find out, turn this page upside down to see the correct answers.

ANSWERS: 1. Fish, 2. Bird, 3. Lamb,  
4. Drake, 5. Bull, 6. Crane, 7. Wren,  
8. Duck, 9. Duck, 10. Goat.

## Mitzi's Exchange

By Elba Riffle Vernon

When Mitzi was my tabby kitten  
She learned not to bother bird or bee;  
But each bug or mouse or leaf she caught  
Was brought straight to give to me.

I'd always buy her present  
With a dish of milk for pay;  
Then a fuzzy, squirming kitten  
She surprised me with, one day.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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## How to KEEP Your Pet

YOUR pet dog may be a mongrel, but you would not spare time or expense to get him back if he ever disappeared from your home, would you? Yet, at this upsetting time, it is hard to describe a beloved pet without error or hesitation to police and other agencies eager to help you find him. And if he is found, but claimed by another, you need proof of ownership. Your having a complete, accurate description would be very helpful then.

Our DOG IDENTIFICATION FOLDER is a form on which you list descriptive details, such as coloring, distinguishing markings, or even scars, and there is also a sketch of a typical dog, two sides, on which to fill in special markings. It comes in a smart case for safekeeping, too. Only 65c each or 2 for \$1.00.

Act *now* to safeguard your dog. Send check to the Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., and you'll get your DOG IDENTIFICATION FOLDER by return mail.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



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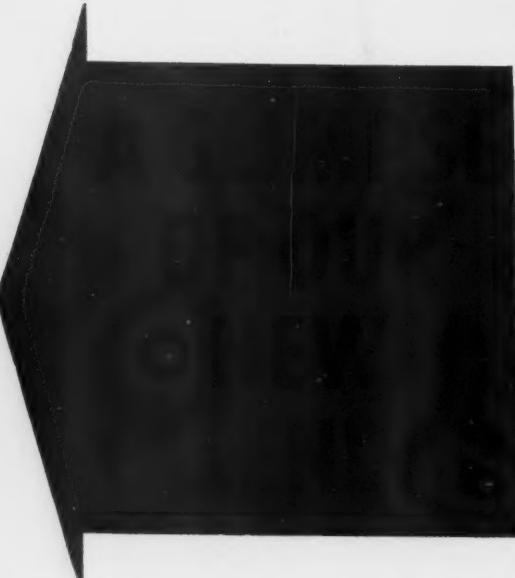
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4—4—5

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